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"TWO TO ONE!"

The SUNDAY WORLD's Record for the Last Twelve Sundays.

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THE SUNDAY WORLD Has **DOUBLE** the Circulation of any other Sunday newspaper in Europe or America, and the Circulation Books and Newsletters' Orders are "OPEN TO ALL."

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

About Two Hundred Little Hearts Will Be Cheered by "The Evening World's" Efforts.

Many of the Christmas appeals received by THE EVENING WORLD are pitiable in the extreme, and investigation by our reporters serves only in most cases to emphasize the destitution that afflicts many families. THE EVENING WORLD, by means of the requests for deserving cases sent in by philanthropic people, and by a judicious use of cash contributions received, will be able to do something for about two hundred cases. This is a small number compared to the great army of the destitute, but it widens by a little at least the circle of charity at this season.

But THE EVENING WORLD has resolved to do something more strictly on its own account, and as the newboys furnish a peculiarly appropriate field for its efforts, THE EVENING WORLD will furnish Christmas dinners to one thousand to fifteen hundred of these enterprising little merchants. Further particulars of this pleasant feature of the Christmas season are elsewhere given.

Another Christmas Mite.
Please let me add my mite to the Christmas fund for the poor. Inclosed is \$1.
New York, Dec. 20. L. HUNTINGTON.

One Dollar for a Stocking.
In last night's EVENING WORLD you mention a case of destitution. Inclosed find \$1 for same.
CASH.

THE FUND FOR WIDOW WALLACE.

That Peculiarly Unfortunate Case of Destitution.

You will please give this dollar to Mrs. Wallace. I wish I was able to give more. If giving \$1 gives so much pleasure what must \$50 give?
F. M.

Two Dollars More.

Inclosed find \$2. Please forward to the widow of William Wallace, top floor of 327 East Fourth street, and oblige Mrs. H. D. Dec. 20.

Another Dollar for a Good Purpose.

Please accept this small mite (\$1) for the Widow Wallace from a constant reader.
New York, Dec. 21. S. B.

\$5 from a Britisher.

Inclosed please find \$5 for poor Mrs. Wallace and her little pets. My only regret is that I am not able to make it \$500.
A BRITISHER.

A Dollar from a Railroad Man.

I see a piece in your valuable paper about the Widow Wallace, and there is not a railroad man in the city to-day that should not help her along, as her husband worked hard to better their condition. Union men should help her. I will not send my name, as I work on the Bleecker street line that I might be discharged. But I inclose \$1. If I could afford twenty times as much more, she would be welcome to it.
ANON.

Five Dollars for the Widow.

In this evening edition of your paper I read of the very pitiable condition of a Widow Wallace and her little ones. Inclosed you will find \$5. Will you kindly send it to her with your donation, and oblige F. W.

Still Another \$2.

Please find inclosed \$2 for Mrs. William Wallace, and I hope and trust her Christmas will be bright and happy.
M. G. C.
New York, Dec. 20, 1933.

A Little Blind Boy's Appeal.

I am eight years old, and I would like Santa Claus to send me a warm suit of clothes and a musical box. My papa has been sick for two months, and I can't send him anything. If Santa Claus can't send me a suit of clothes, I wish he would try and send a musical box. I am blind and I love music. It makes me feel so sorry when I hear the boys playing out in the street and I can't play with them, because I am blind.

BLIND WILLIE McKENZIE,
279 Thirteenth street, Brooklyn.

Another "I" Road Delay.

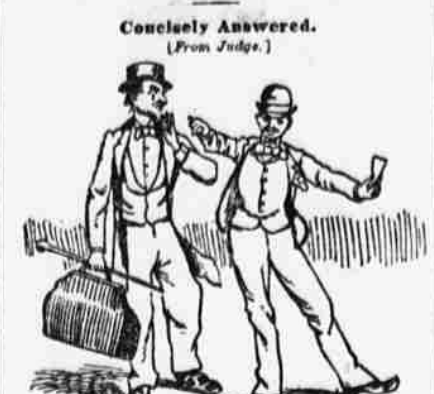
One of the superannuated engines on the Ninth Avenue Elevated road, broke down between the stations at One Hundred and Sixty-sixth and One Hundred and Forty-sixth streets, and occasioned a delay of thirty minutes. The passengers complained loudly of the detention. Such accidents have been of frequent occurrence lately.

No One Need Fear a Cough.

If they can get RICE'S EXPECTORANT. Always insist on having RICE'S and you are positively sure of instant relief. Sold almost everywhere. Give no out-bid. Time, 10 cents. Wm. B. Rice & Son, Drug and Manufacturing Chemists, 300 Broadway, N. Y. Established forty years.

A FEW LAUGH PROVOKERS.

THEY ARE BETTER THAN DOCTORS' PRESCRIPTIONS FOR ALMOST EVERYBODY.



Conciliatory Answer.
(From Judge.)
Bunce Edward—I've just won the grand prize in a lottery, my friend. Won't you come round while I collect it? (from Herkimer)—Much obliged, partner, but I ain't do my own shavin'.

Take Your Choice.
(From Piquette Blatter.)
"I am looking for a fashionable overcoat."
"All right, sir. Will you have it too short or too long?"

Not Among His Acquaintances.
(From the Piquette Chronicle.)
"What's all this trouble about Samos I see in the papers?" asked Mrs. Snuggs.
"Sam Moore?" replied Snuggs. "Never heard of him."

Kind to Dumb Animals.
(From Judge.)
Jones, who had left his house for a day's hunt, met a neighbor on his way home.
"Good gracious!" said the latter. "You've forgotten your dog."

"Yes, dear boy," replied Jones. "You see, whenever I take him along I always kill him."

Will Make a Good Husband.
(From the Chicago Herald.)
Dr. Tanner, the famous faster, is soon to marry the daughter of a millionaire in Paris. Tanner is lucky, but he has one great and conspicuous merit as a husband. A man who has gone forty days without food can never complain when dinner is late or the steak overdone.

Why Bromley Was Sad.
(From the Cartoon.)
"Bromley, what's the matter? You've got a dreadful doleful look."
"Well, Darringer, the fact is things ain't just right at home."

"Your mother-in-law's come, eh?"
"Gosh, no! She's gone! I haven't had a square meal since."

A Dangerous Man.
(From the New York Herald.)
George Augustus Sala, the English journalist, always wears a white waistcoat. He says: "You can't very well commit murder when you have a white waistcoat on." The man who is obliged to wear a white waistcoat is a man who is obliged to commit murder. He might forget to put on the garment some morning. He should wear a strap-jacket.

A Catastrophe.
(From the Cartoon.)
"Did you see the account of the burning of the house of that old woman who lived alone with nine cats?"
"No; did the poor thing escape?"
"Yes; but the cats didn't."

"You don't say the whole nine perished?"
"No; the account says, 'The cats perished.' That's a great loss to literature."

"How many cats?"
"Why, the Nine Muses."

Not Popular There.

(From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.)
A love-lorn young man in Philadelphia sent his sweetheart a pair of stockings with her initials in monogram form worked on the instep, and now every society lady in the City of Brotherly Love is having the same operation performed on her hose. The craze is liable to spread to other such articles as monograms attract attention to the feet when low shoes are worn it is thought that the style will never be in vogue in Chicago.

A Chilly Evening.
(From Life.)
Unwelcome Suitor—"That's a lovely song. It always carries me away."
She—"If I had known how much pleasure it could give you, I should have sung it earlier in the evening."

He was from Philadelphia, and it was not until the next morning, in the train, that he "caught the cold," but he had now such a cold as he viewed the kindly hint in the light of subsequent events.

A Wise Boy.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)
"You going to hang up your stocking?" asked the first.
"Yes; are you?"
"Yes. You expect a gun?"
"Noah."
"A drum?"
"Noah."
"A music box?"
"Noah."
"What do you expect?"
"Nothing. Last year I expected a \$25 tool box and got nothing but a Noah. This year I ain't going to expect nothing and maybe I'll get a Texas pony."

Somebody.

(From Every Other Saturday.)
Somebody crawls into mamma's bed just at the break of day. Snuggles up close and whispers loud, "Somebody's a comin'!"

Somebody rushes through the house, never once shuts a door. Scatters her playthings all around. Over the nursery floor.

Climbs on the fence and tear her clothes—Never a bit cares she. Swings on the gate and makes mud-pies—Who can somebody be?

Somebody looks with roguish eyes. I p through her tangled hair. "Somebody's in," she says, "but then somebody doesn't care."

A Long Chase for His Best Clothes.

Daniel Gibson, colored, appeared in the Tombs Court to-day against John Ray, whom he charged with stealing his value and all his clothing. He said he left his value in his room at 25 Mott street, and Ray walked off with it. He claimed fifteen books and caught him with the value. Ray was held for trial.

In the Field of Labor.

The Central Labor Union and District Assembly 49 will go to-morrow. The United Upholsterers' Union has organized Branch No. 3 at 1422 Second avenue.

Representatives of local assemblies not satisfied with the Federal regime of the Knights of Labor will meet to-morrow afternoon in Fyfe hall to form the nucleus of the new Industrial Brotherhood suggested by T. B. Barry.

Delegate Miller, of the State and Metal Roofers' Union, has been elected to fill a vacancy on the Credentials Committee of the Building Trades Section, and Delegate Keach, of the United Order of American Carpenters has been placed on the Arbitration Committee.

The Committee appointed by the Varieties unions and the United German Trades Unions to receive the objections of the former as to why the Independent German Varieties Union should not be admitted to the United German trades will meet to-morrow at 25 East Fourth street.

Walking Delegate Davis, of the Operative Painters' Union, found a number of non-union men employed in painting on the new buildings at Eighth avenue and Seventy-second street, and after threatening a strike of all the union hands, Messrs. Moran & Gough, the employers, agreed to discharge those who were not considered painters, and the non-union journeymen decided to join the union.

FREE LECTURES MOVING ON.

ARRANGEMENTS PERFECTED BY THE EVENING SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

A Further Appropriation of \$15,000 Coming in January in Return for \$6,500 Transferred to Pay Teachers' Salaries. Prof. Hickmore and Morris K. Jessup Help Along the Good Work.

The Evening School Committee of the Board of Education met last evening at the Grand street rooms to make further arrangements for carrying out the provisions of THE EVENING WORLD'S Free Lecture bill.

Commissioners Handolph Guggenheimer, Grace Dodge, Miles M. O'Brien and De Witt J. Seligman were present.

A warm discussion arose on a resolution referred to the Committee by the Board providing for the transfer from the appropriation for free lectures of the sum of \$6,500 to meet deficiencies in salaries.

Commissioner Seligman argued in favor of the transfer, which was bitterly opposed by Commissioners Guggenheimer and O'Brien. Mr. Guggenheimer said that after six months work he was convinced of the necessity for and value of the lectures, and that with his consent no money should be diverted from the Lecture Fund already established. He further denied that the Board of Education had any right to decrease the appropriation.

Mr. Seligman stated that if the \$6,500 were allowed to be transferred a further appropriation of \$15,000 would be made for lectures early in January.

Finding that this was the case, Messrs. O'Brien and Guggenheimer withdrew their objections and the transfer was made.

The principals of the seven schools in which the first series of lectures are to be given agreed to the Committee and the transfer. It was also resolved that the members of the committee rotate in their attendance at the lectures, to commence immediately after New Year's.

Prof. Hickmore has volunteered for twelve lectures, and Morris K. Jessup, in behalf of the Museum of Art, volunteered the loan of their slides for the lecture on "Coal and Petroleum." Prof. Hickmore suggested steps to have the law amended in January so as to enable the Committee to hire halls in the most thickly populated districts where the school rooms are not desirable for the purpose.

It was reported that the large rooms in the seven schools have been fitted up with gas fixtures by Supt. Debevoise, and that all the arrangements will be completed in about a week.

THE CHRISTMAS "ONCE A WEEK."

A Very Attractive Publication Packed with Good Things.

The Christmas number of Colliers' Once a Week more than maintains the exceptionally high standard of attractions set by that enterprising weekly. Stockton's unique story, "The Great War Syndicate," is continued, and an abundance of other interesting fiction is provided. Among the Christmas features are "The Old Squire and Simon Gorse," a short story by William O. Stoddard; "Under the Mistletoe," a short story by Hans Knickerbocker; "My Confederate Friend," a story of two Christmas days at the front, by Alfred R. Calhoun; and a number of poems, including "The Christmas Eve" by Julian Hawthorne and other writers of note contribute articles. Another notable feature of unusual interest is a list of New York's exclusive Six Hundred. The illustrations by Matt Morgan are admirable.

WORLDLINGS.

Ferdinand Schumann, of Akron, O., is known as the Outcast King in the milling world. It is told of him that he is a Prohibitionist of such fixed opinions that when one of his mills was destroyed he distributed 20,000 bushels of scorched grain among the farmers for chicken feed rather than sell it to distillers to be made into whiskey.

The Loyd Legion now has about six thousand members, and there are commanderies in eighteen States and Territories. Indiana is the last of the Northern States to establish a commandery.

Mrs. Wheelock, of Milwaukee, supports herself by teaching the game of whist. She has 193 pupils and expects soon to double that number by opening classes in Chicago.

One of the most noted huntswomen in England is Lady Neville, daughter of the Marquis of Abercromby. She is also an accomplished cricket player.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

MRS. EAMES SUES NOW.

She Wants an Absolute Divorce from Her Husband.

Mrs. Emma L. Eames, the successful defendant in the recent trial in Brooklyn of a suit brought by her husband for divorce, in which her own brother, a mere lad, was named as co-respondent, has brought suit against her husband, Frank M. Eames, for absolute divorce.

The summons was served yesterday, which gives her 30 days in which to file her complaint and pleadings with the Court.

Meantime Mrs. Eames, who was awarded custody of her two little children, is living quietly on Wyckoff street, Brooklyn, where she is nursing the children through an illness with whooping cough.

Mrs. Eames declined to talk about her suit, saying that she preferred not to name the co-respondent with her husband.

Eames, at his brother's hat factory in Bay Ridge, was also uncommunicative. He declared he was innocent of any connection with his wife, and insisted that the testimony of Annie Scriven and Kitty Hoye had not been impeached, though the jury disagreed.

He declared that he had made no attempt on the first trial before Justice Bartlett to conceal the fact that George F. Hamilton, now known as the shadow of a man, was his wife's twenty-year-old brother, and that he did not believe his wife into not appearing to defend herself on that trial.

Chicago Will Have Veretechagin.

Vassil Veretechagin, his remarkable collection of paintings and curiosities go to Chicago the first week in January. The work of taking down and packing the paintings and other articles has been postponed until after the holidays owing to the immense attendance. It is thought if the collection will ever again be seen in New York, as after its Chicago season it will be taken to St. Petersburg for a prolonged stay.

So It Is.

In black December, raw days, fog days, Follow close each other.

But it is only in the "dog days" That we have "benched" weather.

A METROPOLITAN MEDLEY.

STRINGS OF THE CITY'S BIG HARP RESPOND TO THE REPORTERS' TOUCHES.

Lucky Bootblack Tobias, Born in "The Old Fourth Ward."

A boot-black with a ten-thousand-dollar bank account.

George Tobias is that lucky individual, and he is located in the basement of the New York Stock Exchange.

George is a coal-black negro, and was born in the "Old Fourth Ward," as he affectionately calls it. He is very much of a New Yorker. That is, though upwards of forty years old, he has never been further away than Albany.

After volunteering this statement he started the reporter by the announcement that he had once visited a foreign city.

"Yes, I have—Elizabeth, New Jersey," and he chuckled gleefully over his wit, adding, apologetically: "When I couldn't help myself. But I don't feel at home outside of New York."

This king of shoe polishers is a fine conversationalist, and evidently prides himself on his accomplishment. When asked if he was really the possessor of as many good American dollars as were attributed to him he denied the report, but with such a lavish display of gleaming ivories and so merry a twinkle of the eye as to confirm the common reports of his wealth.

George keeps home comfortably on West Twenty-fifth street, where he shares his prosperity with his wife, four daughters and two sons. He secured his present place nine years ago, through the influence of Secretary Ely.

A Great Demand for Back-Number Directories at Reduced Rates.

"Trow's City Directory, \$1 each," was the announcement which attracted an EVENING WORLD reporter to the interior of a junk-shop on a side street a few days ago.

There they were, sure enough—a large pile of regular city directories on the floor, with the above sign displayed near them.

"How can you sell them so cheap?" queried the surprised reporter.

"Easy enough," was the reply. "We buy 'em cheap. They're last year's."

"What you sold many of them?"

"We can't afford one of them we have something for 50 cents—year before last, you know."

"Not anything for a quarter?" THE EVENING WORLD man managed to gasp.

"Year before that," came the answer.

The reporter then explained to the junk man that he didn't intend to invest, but wanted to know whether they ever sold one of these back numbers, and who on earth would have any use for it.

"Why, we sell five or six a day. All sorts of people want 'em. They're best customers. They're small druggists and second-class hotel-keepers."

Concentrated Violence in a Small Bit of Animal in Roosevelt Street.

Any one desiring to witness concentrated savagery would be edified in entering an animal store on Roosevelt street and inspecting a small South American ocelot confined there, fresh from its mountain fastnesses.

He is a beautiful tortoise-shell color, with great snapping eyes, and weighs about 20 pounds. He glares through the bars of his cage so fiercely that it is a wonder the intensity of his glance does not melt them.

When anybody enters the room where he is kept he starts in a blood-curdling scream which makes the listener's hair rise and his heart beat quickly, an effect which is not lessened when the animal commences to do his tricks.

A pencil which an EVENING WORLD man had stuck into his eye had been promptly torn from his hand and chewed to bits.

How so much ferocity can be squeezed into such a small animal is really marvelous.

NO MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR THEM.

The Sad Condition of the Locked-Out Brewery Employees.

Christmas Day will not this year bring "good cheer" to the 250 brewery workmen who have been walking the streets since April last in search of work, without success.

Nearly every one of those men has a wife and family depending on him, and there will be no Christmas tree for the children this year, and Santa Claus will pass them by.

These men were prosperous and happy, as any workmen can be, until a dispute between the Lager Beer Brewers' Association and the Brewery Employees' Union. The question was plainly put to them whether they would give up their employment or withdraw a boycott on a certain brewer. Placing their trust in their officers, who counseled them to stand by the union, the men were "locked out," and other men took their places.

Ernest Kurzebanke, the Secretary of the National Union and yesterday's "There are between two and three hundred of our men without work. Most of them have wives and children depending on them who have to suffer. We gave them some money until October, but now we see no light of day. If one of them comes to our meeting and applies for help we give him a little. Some of them get an odd day's work occasionally, but that is all. I don't give you the address of any one of them, because they have all had to leave where they lived, most of them having been turned out into the streets."

What are the chances for the men during the winter that is before us?" asked the reporter.

"What can we do for them?" replied the Secretary.

"This is the trouble be fixed up with the bosses?"

"Only by their recognizing the union and agreeing to pay union wages and giving union members the right to work."

The reporter afterwards asked A. E. Seifert, the Secretary of the Brewers' Exchange, whether something could not be done for the locked-out men.

"Those men could all be at work to-day if they had followed the advice of their best friends. If the Central Labor Union and the other unions decided to see these men at work let them take off the boycott on what they call the pool brewers. As soon as they do that the men now out will get employment in many malt-houses and in all breweries which have been standing by our members. That will be a good Christmas present to those men."

"We have not been injured by the boycott, but we are not going to provide our enemies with ammunition to fight us. Personally, I am sorry for these poor fellows and their wives and children, but I cannot do anything while the unions keep up the fight. It is within the power of the Central Labor Union to obtain work for the men. Will it do it?"

News Summary.

Secretary Bayard refuses to recognize either of Hayti's factions.

The Ford Immigration Committee goes to Detroit to continue its investigation.

Samuel Muller, aged ninety-eight, and Anna Hagan, aged seventy-one, are married at Jeffersonville, Ky.

A violent scene occurs in the House of Commons, and Dr. Tanner, the Irish member for Galway, is suspended.

Dr. S. A. Richmond, who shot Col. J. N. Straton, of Boston, is located at the Fifth avenue.

Alexander Patterson, of Montreal; M. J. Decker, of Buffalo; and John H. Macfarlane, of Philadelphia, are stopping at the Hoffman.

H. P. Standif, of Washington; R. M. Cannon, of Buffalo, and John H. Macfarlane, of Philadelphia, are stopping at the Hoffman.

Dr. H. H. Bacon, of Jacksonville, Fla.; H. C. Barrett, just returned from Europe; and Dr. W. Fashall, of Syracuse, are at the Statler.

The two surviving witnesses in a Kentucky murder trial were shot down and killed within a few steps of the Court-room.

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express has arranged to receive holiday shipments for all points on Sun-ten next, at its office, 65 Broadway, 331 Fulton street, Brooklyn, and 200 N. J. Jersey City.

JOHNNIE'S IN JAIL AGAIN.

THE ONCE SWELL BURGLAR IRVING ACCUSED OF A PETTY JOB.

He Will Be Examined Next Friday on the Charge of Robbing a Long Island City Grocery—The Man's Criminal History—He Was Last Year Brought for His Bread and Was Taken into a Mission.

As stated in THE EVENING WORLD of yesterday John T. Irving, alias "Old Jack," is once more behind prison bars.

He is locked up in the Kings County Jail on suspicion of breaking into New's grocery store in Long Island City on the night of Oct. 11 last and breaking the safe which only contained \$35. This he took, it is alleged.

Supt. Charles Stewart, of the School of Industry at 40 East Houston street, and J.



JOHNNIE IRVING.

Ward Childs, of the Bowery Mission, at 37 Bowery, are sure that he is innocent this time, and they went to court yesterday and said so.

Irving's case comes up for examination in the Long Island City Police Court next Friday, when he says he will be able to prove an alibi and clear himself of this charge.

However that may be, Irving's life thus far has been a varied and eventful one. He was born in the city. He is fifty years of age. He is not a bad looking man, is married, is about 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs about 130 pounds, has gray hair and mustache and looks to be about ten years older than he really is on account of his long terms in prison.

He is one of the most celebrated criminals in the world. He can spin yarns of the interior of nearly every jail in this country and of many in Europe.